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WHO WILL FIND THE WAY?

A commission made up of strong and true men is sitting in the East trying to probe to the bottom the differences between a mighty syndicate of employers and a host of employees so great that they form an immense factor in the army of workers in this country. The hope of this commission, which hope is shared by the country, is to sound the depths of these differences and to formulate a plan to settle them. This is good; it is directly on the lines of progress; it is putting aside physical force and making an appeal to enlightened brain force; it is an attempt, in a measure at least, to bring about a triumph of mind over matter. We hope it will succeed, for it would be a beginning.

At the mouth of the Columbia river twenty-five years ago the river spread out over a wide bar and the only channel through which ships could find their way out to the sea or in from the sea was more tortuous than the trail of a serpent and when from the outside a storm heaped up the waters of the deep sea to meet in fury the rivers volume there was a roar as terrible as that of an earthquake and such a chaos of tumbling waters, that the mariner who sought to cross the abyss took his life in his hand with hardly an even chance of saving it. Indeed his safest guides were the half exposed skeletons of ships that had missed the channel and gone to destruction. But an engineer was sent for and after two or three years work the great river was compelled to confine itself to a single straight channel and made with its own waters to hew out that channel deep and broad and now the largest ships cross that bar without difficulty.

Well, all that this engineer did was to make mattresses of willow wands, to place them in line along one border of what he intended should be the new channel and then sink them by heaping great blocks of stone upon them. He kept extending these mattresses and building them higher and higher until they arose above the water and extended out across the bar some two or three miles. This obstruction turned the stream and became at length a sea wall, on the one side the river, on the other a mighty waste of sand dunes. It was a great triumph of mind over rebellious matter, and of such material significance was the work that it amounted to a notice to the world that a new central station for commerce had been created.

Now if this commission which is investigating the cause of the great anthracite strike succeeds and adjusts the matter on a basis which will sat-

isfy employer and employee alike, still it will be but as it was in the old days when a ship successfully crossed the Columbia bar. That one ship succeeded, but nothing was changed. The crooked and shifting channel remained, the war of waters upon the bar continually raged, the dread of mariners, the menace to ships and all the lives on board of them.

Where is the engineer who can turn those forces into peaceful channels and stop the unrest and danger?

Our thought is that the tactics of the engineer in the Northwest will have to be adopted. The plan will have to be yielding and elastic. The code will have to be broad enough to include the rights of all men high and low, it will have to be woven in justice and yet in mercy, but when completed it must be weighted down with such blocks of law as will hold it in place until such a channel shall be cut out as will leave ample room for labor and capital to move their respective argosies in safety.

No matter how successful this Eastern commission may be, if in performing it they are not inspired enough to make clear a plan through which similar troubles may be satisfactorily settled, they will but half meet the hopes and expectations of the country. If with the light, which the investigation will turn upon them, they cannot outline a plan which can later be formulated into a satisfactory code for the settlement of like differences, the country will be disappointed. But if they fail, still that code must be framed. Progress comes through mind exerting itself through the two great factors capital and labor. When they clash progress stops and chaos begins, and we have no right to advertise our country as great and free when all our statesmen stand baffled over a problem on the solving of which so much of the future peace, prosperity and progress of our country depends.

How do you think Brother Smoot will look to Brother Roosevelt, Brother Kearns?

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN CATAclysm.

The Seismic disturbances in Guatemala and southern Mexico indicates that upheavals which began in Martinique several months ago are still on their march. They give fresh coloring to the gloomy picture of the sunken continent of Atlantis. Those who believe that the world's events and the lives of nations are subject to certain cycles which the stars indicate will watch with keen interest the actions of volcanoes and earthquakes in the islands of the Caribbean sea and on the adjacent mainland. Before they are over the Isthmus canal question may be definitely settled, for a power is on the march there which overwhelms islands, tears asunder continents and changes in an hour the face of nature. The description of the falling ashes and scoria, the awful detonations, the furious lava flow which was sent out from Martinique seems to cover the Guatemala cataclysm; the story of the working of forces awful in their destructiveness; the underworld surcharged with super-heated steam, a generated force that rends the rock foundations of islands and continents, filling the land with wreck and death and the sea with debris.

Before it man stands helpless and confused, and if reflection is left him, it but emphasizes his

knowledge, that mortals at best but stand upon a crust and that all around them are forces which need but combining in the right way to bring annihilation in a moment to all animal and vegetable life on earth and leave it but a corpse of a world floating in the deep seas of space.

It is peculiar that these late disturbances have occurred in places among the most beautiful of the earth. Martinique was famed for its loveliness, while the coffee region of Guatemala, for years has been held as one of the world's charmed spots. Clear to the mountain tops the land is described as covered with luxuriant orange groves, wild groves, but bearing delicious fruit, where the blooms of a new crop shine out beside the golden, unpicked previous crop. Then there are pineapples that melt in the mouth, mangos, spices, bananas, plantains, in endless profusion, while the spaces are filled with marvelous flowers which are not content with a home near the ground, but, rather, seizing upon pendant vines climb to the tops of the trees and fill all the space there with their blooms, offsetting the splendors of the gayly plumaged birds that make their homes there.

A lady who was there eight months of last year passed through this city last week. Speaking of the country she said: "It is so overwhelmingly beautiful that it does not seem to be real. One cannot shake off the impression that it is but a fairy scene gotten up in most extravagant form for some great festival."

Think of an overcharged volcano pouring out its molten fires upon such a spot. To those who look on and can keep self-contained enough to think, it must look as though the mountains had been converted into a drop curtain to reveal in splendor and terror the dissolving view of the universe in the closing act of the great world's final tragedy.

THE OLD WAY MORE DIRECT.

In Bishop Whitney's History he says that at first the government of Utah was a pure theocracy. That is the government of the State was like the government of the church; the same minds controlled both and named all the officers of the State. How much different is it now? The form is a little changed but how much are the facts?

The First Presidency did not publicly proclaim the names of candidates in the late campaign, but they were all agreed upon in secret, and elders, bishops, presidents of stakes, and apostles went into the conventions and whooped up the brethren to nominate them; the counsel was sent out that they must be elected, and when the result was announced, Apostle Smoot at once declared that the Legislature was his and that he was sure to be elected Senator. It was really easier in the old days when from before the Tabernacle altars the names of the candidates were announced and the people were instructed to vote for them.

SAVE THE SCHOOLS.

The Gentiles in Salt Lake City should all awake to the fact that there is no politics in the American sense in Utah. The chief priests of the Mormon church have grossly broken the pledges through which Statehood for Utah was obtained; in the late election they made but a poor pretense at disguising that fact.

No doubt they justify themselves as they were